

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

### CHAPTER VIII. FRANK LISLE.

"My name is Frank Lisle, and I am a bit of an artist, myself."

The speaker was the young man of the Louvre incident, and he spoke to Helen Rhodes. The scene of their interview was again the great museum, and that interview, absolutely accidental on the part of Helen, had been very well contrived by Mr. Lisle. He had calculated that if she remained in Paris, she would come to the Louvre as early as she could on the Tuesday, and that she would go direct to the Murillo. On the Monday he ascertained that no departure from the house in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne had taken place, and before twelve o'clock on the following day he had taken up his position in the gallery, within easy range of the great doorway into that chamber of gems which is to the museum what its sanctuary is to a church, and was waiting.

He had not to wait long for the vision of the tall graceful figure in the clumsy English clothes, and the fair innocent face that had so strongly attracted him; and as the girl advanced towards the doorway, walking steadily on, and only glancing at the pictures on the wall as she passed them, he had the exceeding satisfaction of perceiving that she was, on this occasion also, alone. In the other event, he had made up his mind what to do, but this was much more interesting. She turned in at the doorway, and in a minute or two he followed, and found her, catalogue in hand this time, standing in front of the pic-

ture, with the same look of absorbed and self-forgetting interest that he had previously thought so beautiful. He advanced, and she saw him. Was there a heightening of the tea-rose colour in the fair cheek, and a slight droop of the dark eyelashes? The man who was observing her closely but imperceptibly was not likely to delude himself upon such points, and he noted both these. She recognised him, and without any displeasure. He raised his hat, addressed her with quiet ease, and in a few moments was talking to her of the history of the Spanish pictures, the depredations of Marshal Soult, and the acts of restitution of the Restoration, as readily as if their acquaintance had begun, and was being carried on, under the most orthodox auspices. He had a pleasant refined voice, he talked well, and his hearer was an unlesioned girl, unschooled, unpractised in any of the ways of the world; with a good deal more intelligence in her than had ever been brought out at Miss Jerdane's boarding-school, and a good deal less vanity and self-consciousness than belong to most girls, whether at school or at home. It most literally never occurred to Helen that this gentleman had had any purpose of meeting her again, and it was in entire good faith that she said to him presently:

"I suppose you like these pictures so much that you come here very often?"

"Yes, very often. I frequent all the Paris picture-galleries." And then he made a bold step in advance, and said: "My name is Frank Lisle, and I am a bit of an artist, myself."

"It must be delightful to be even what you call 'a bit of an artist,'" she said with arch gravity, which he thought

charming, "but I daresay you are a great deal more than 'a bit,' Mr. Lisle."

The girl's utterance of his name gave him a pleasant feeling, as of something scored in a game.

"No, indeed; I mean exactly what I say. I have never done anything worth talking about. I am a mere amateur; I am thinking of making a copy of a picture here; I came about it the other day when I had the great pleasure of meeting you; but I daresay I should never make anything of it."

"Oh, do you think so?" she remonstrated in a tone of disappointment. "What a pity not to try. It must be delightful even to see anyone do such a wonderful thing as painting a picture seems to me."

"I presume you do not paint, then, even 'a bit?'"

"No," she answered with a sweet sudden smile. "My name is Helen Rhodes, and I am—nothing."

The unintentional but effective flattery of her repetition of his own phrase was very captivating. He put his next question in a still softer tone, and somehow they had both ceased to look at the Murillo, and were walking on slowly side by side.

"May I ask whether you have been in India?"

He had observed her mourning dress when she told him her name.

"No," she answered, with a change of tone and countenance, "never. I was to have gone to India, to join my father; but —but he died. Why do you ask me that?"

"Because a friend of mine who went out not long ago to Chundrapore has mentioned in her letters a gentleman of your name."

"Was it Herbert Rhodes?" she asked eagerly; "was it the Reverend Herbert Rhodes?"

"Yes."

"He was my father, and he died, after having been only a few hours ill. Did the lady tell you that? Oh, Mr. Lisle, what did she tell you? I know so little, there was no one to write to me, no one to tell me anything. I had not seen my father for several years, and I had no one else in the world. How wonderful that I should meet here, in this strange place, anyone who had heard of him!"

The forlornness of the speaker was to be heard in her agitated voice, and read upon her imploring face. That forlornness was puzzling to Mr. Lisle, and to do

him justice, he was touched by it; even while he congratulated himself upon the extremely lucky conjuncture of affairs.

It happened that a talent for letter-writing, and a taste for exercising it, were among the endowments of Colonel Marshall's feather-headed cousin, Mrs. Stephenson, and as she found time hang rather heavily on her hands at Chundrapore, she had devoted herself with assiduity to keeping up her home correspondence. She had a charming facility of style, and could adorn facts and amplify feelings with pleasing dexterity. Mr. Frank Lisle had had the good fortune to be one of the pretty, lively Christina's prime favourites; prior to the step which she was in the habit of describing before her husband's face as her "idiotic love-match," and which had involved her in the banishment that she so feelingly deplored; and she still frequently amused herself by writing long letters to him. He had never until the present moment felt particularly grateful for this favour—indeed, he had sometimes remarked to himself that it was deuced odd a woman never seemed satisfied to let a fellow quite go, though she might have thrown him over for another fellow ever so coolly—but he was sincerely obliged to her now. And he remembered with great satisfaction that he had not destroyed the letters; that he had them stowed away somewhere.

"That was the name," he answered, "the Reverend Herbert Rhodes. I think I can tell you all that was written to me."

He led her to a seat and placed himself by her side. He made a successful demand upon his memory, and as Mrs. Stephenson's sentimental turn, combined with the opportunity of depicting her own alarm and the horrors of the situation, had induced her to give the death of the English chaplain a place of great importance in her chronicle, he had much to tell of a nature to touch the orphan girl very deeply. She sat listening, with downcast eyes, and, as the teardrops gathered thickly in them, she drew her crape veil over her face. When he had repeated all that Mrs. Stephenson's letters had conveyed to him of the respect in which her father had been held, she was silent for a while; then she lifted her veil, and turning to him with a smile, thanked him in very simple words. Nothing could possibly have advanced the precarious acquaintanceship of the two to a firmer footing so speedily as this incident had done; there arose out of it for him almost the right to question her about herself, and

for her it had an import little short of magical. She told him all that she knew of her own simple story, up to the episode of her father's death, with perfect frankness, and then she added :

"If I had had the good fortune to go out to India before it happened, I might have had some friends. I think that lady who writes so kindly would have been my friend."

Mr. Frank Lisle did not completely share this conviction, but he let it pass; the underlying significance of what she said was occupying him. Living as she was living, and with those English people whose position was unquestionable, and speaking of herself as friendless!

"You would have found many, no doubt; but you surely do not need them. You live with relatives, do you not?"

"No, I live with Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore; you may have heard of them; perhaps you know them?"

Another magical coincidence might possibly be arranging itself for Helen, she thought; what if this heaven-sent friend were one with whom she might sometimes be brought in contact in her ordinary life? But his answer dispelled that hope; he said :

"I have heard of them, but I do not know them. They are not related to you?"

"They are not. Mr. Townley Gore was a friend of my father's." Then Helen told Mr. Lisle the rest of her history, but told it with reserve and embarrassment in strong contrast with the frank simplicity of her former narrative; while Mr. Frank Lisle heard it with much greater curiosity and interest, ardently wishing that he might venture to ask her a few plain questions. That her position was a humiliating one, and her life unhappy, he very readily divined, and he could have smiled at the transparent but futile honourableness of the girl, which withheld her from any complaint against those whom she was bound to regard as her benefactors, when she asked him :

"Don't you think, if one has been educated, one ought to be able to make an independent livelihood?"

"That depends on what you mean by independent. I don't think any of the ways in which women, unless they are artists or authors, can earn for themselves are to be called independent; certainly not the teaching of other people's children as governesses, or the putting up with other people's caprices as companions."

"Even so, one is not living on charity or sufferance."

"No," he answered quickly; "one is not; but there are people who contrive to make women in such positions feel as if they were. Women who are tyrants by nature will always tyrannise. Don't try it, Miss Rhodes; put up with the ills you have, don't fly to others that you know not of."

"I never said I had any ills to fly from."

"No; but who has not? We are not very old, either you or I, but we both know that much."

She said nothing, and he felt that she was about to leave him; he made the next move.

"Would you like to have a copy of the passages in Mrs. Stephenson's letters that relate to your father? There may be points of interest to you which I have forgotten."

She eagerly accepted the offer. It would be delightful; but it would give Mr. Lisle so much trouble. No trouble at all, he ventured to say; nothing could be a trouble to him that could give her pleasure, and he looked as he spoke for the sweet conscious confusion in her face which it did not fail to show him. She should have the copy of the passages on the next day, if she could not allow him to have the great pleasure of seeing her.

"I have not the privilege of asking any one to call," Helen said.

"No, no, I did not mean that; but I thought you might, perhaps, like to see the Luxembourg; you know the great Delaroche pictures are there, and the *Dernier Appel des Condamnés*; and if you would allow me to point out to you the best worth seeing among them, I might bring the letters there."

"I am free to go to picture-galleries," said Helen; "I shall be very glad to see the Luxembourg with you. But I am not sure of being able to go out to-morrow, and I should be sorry to waste your time."

She spoke in perfect good faith, and with no more notion that she was doing wrong than a child would have had. He was very far from being a good man; he was one who took his pleasures where he found them, and without much regard to what they might cost other people; a woman's fair face was her chief attraction in his eyes, and it had never yet proved a lasting one; but he was not bad enough to have the smallest doubt of Helen's unconsciousness of wrong. Indeed, that unconsciousness added to the charm of

her beauty. For the first time within his experience, Mr. Frank Lisle liked a woman all the better for being what in any other case he would have called a fool. He was, however, bad enough to take advantage of the simplicity that had awakened so novel a sentiment in him, and he found it an easy matter to induce her to promise that if she could not visit the Luxembourg on the following day she would write to him to warn him of the impediment.

"I hope nothing will occur to prevent your coming," he said; "not only because it will be such a pleasure to show you the pictures, and to give you what you will care to have, but because I, too, have a little story in my life that I should like to tell you."

He had walked with her to the entrance of the great Court of the Louvre, and they were standing on the pavement as he said these words. She looked up, pleased and excited; the smile in his eyes as they met hers fascinated her; her face was radiant, the shadow that generally marred it had vanished. At that moment two women crossed the street and passed close by Helen and Mr. Lisle. They were the sister and the niece of Madame Devrient, and Delphine instantly recognised in Mr. Lisle the gentleman who had enquired for the lodgers at her aunt's lodge on the previous evening.

"And that, of course, is mademoiselle, she that my aunt talks of," thought Delphine, as, unperceived by her mother, she gave Mr. Lisle a swift sharp look which made him wonder where he had seen that face before, and then passed demurely on. "That is the English miss who goes out alone to visit the museums, and the gentleman is one of the objects. But why did he ask last night for her so uncertainly? What was it he really wanted to know? He is a handsome man, too, and I should like him to look at me as he was looking at the English miss."

"I am going for a few minutes into the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois," Helen said, when Mr. Lisle asked if he should call a carriage for her. "No, thank you."

He took her across to the famous church and parted with her at the door; saying to her, as he held her hand in his for the first time:

"Do not be surprised at the request I am going to make; I will explain it when I tell you the story you have promised to hear; and you will find that I have a good reason for asking you not to

mention my name to Mr. or Mrs. Townley Gore."

Helen went into the church, and he walked away towards the Garden of the Tuileries. He was in a strange mood; partly amused and partly startled, but he would not look at the uneasy aspect of his own fancy, he put it away from him.

"Fancy Christina's rubbish turning out to be a trump card," he said to himself; "and my having read it attentively enough to remember the parson's name! It's quite funny. It will be a bore to copy it all out, but it would never do to put the originals into the fair Helen's hands, with their lamentations and their reminiscences. . . . What a lovely creature she is! If it would not mean such utter, irredeemable, irretrievable ruin, I would marry her, if she would have me. I should be sorry for it, of course, but I would do it. However, I can't, so there's safety in that, at all events."

## A TRAVELLER'S TALES.

### AN AFGHAN KNIFE.

IT may be admitted by persons who have read these Traveller's Tales, that the writer's experience of humanity is unusually wide. In truth, there are few races of men with whom he is not more or less familiar, and this knowledge gives him confidence in declaring that of all peoples on the earth, your Pathan, whom the ignorant call Afghan, is least akin to the angels. The character of that individual has always been traced in the same words, by friend and foe, and by his own native historians: from the days of Mahmoud Ghuzni to Baber, to Nadir Shah, to Macgregor, and Haidar Khan, his living countryman and chronicler, now charged (February, 1881) with pre-eminence in those evil qualities which he describes as essential to the Pathan nature.

It is not my habit to indite psychological treatises. What the authorities named have said is easily referred to—my department is broad facts.

In my bungalow hangs, amidst many warlike engines, a long Pathan knife, souvenir of the late campaign. The story of its former owner is more instructive, I think, than a volume of analysis. My knife is a murderous weapon, keen as a razor, and weighty as a hatchet, handsomely "browned," excellently wrought, the kind of instrument that could lop off an arm, or pierce a breastplate with its needle point,



In its solid simplicity and purposeful appearance, it strikes the eye, amidst fantastic and quaintly-fashioned swords around it, as a thing intended for remorseless use by giant strength.

During the war I had a Pathan servant, Khuggiani by tribe. He was transferred to me by a friend, who said: "Afzul Khan has served me well amongst Afridis, Hazaras, Waziris, and the like. But remember that he who trusts a Pathan is a fool! Their own proverbs declare it, and I see daily reason to remember them. You must be doubly careful, for you are taking this man through his own country, beyond Jellalabad, and I have little doubt his tribe will oppose us. It is true he seems to have quarrelled with them, but one never knows the truth. Watch him continually when he gets up yonder; your other servants, indeed, will keep their eyes on him day and night." I thanked my friend, and asked how Afzul had come by his title of gentility, "khan." It appeared that he had been malek, or head, of a village somewhere by Jellalabad.

When the time arrived for me to start for the Khyber, Afzul Khan could not yet be spared. I left him behind. Weeks passed without news, and I forgot my Khuggiani altogether, his face, and name. One day, riding back from Saffed Sang towards Gundámuk, with a small party of native troops, I met a stalwart beardless Pathan, mounted on a pony. It was in that ugliest of all hideous Afghan gorges, where a six-inch trail wound in and out amongst boulders and fallen rocks. Troops do not use it now, for the road was already making along higher ground to the left. Two horses could not pass, and foot-men had to choose their ground. On seeing us, the Pathan drew apart and stood still. As I went by, he stared, grinned, and dismounted hastily, advanced with a salaam familiar but not disrespectful, and took from his breast a bundle of papers carefully tied up in cloth. The native officer walking beside me held his sword at the point ready to transfix the stranger at his first suspicious movement; for no device of the Ghazi fanatic is more common than to offer papers with one hand and stab with the other. But there was no such danger in this case. By the help of a letter I recognised my servant, Afzul Khan, who had travelled more than a thousand miles to find me. So far as I could learn, he had sought no escort nor protection. After leaving the railway at Jhelum, he walked

to Peshawur, there hired a pony to Jellalabad, and rode blithely up the Khyber all alone. The pass was much disturbed just then, but Afzul went safe through, changed his pony at Jellalabad, and pursued his way. I congratulated him upon his pluck, and he accepted my praise with a grin.

But on more careful study of the mass of papers accumulated on the march, I found less reason to be pleased. The sagacious rascal had levied a contribution at each halting-place. The friend who gave him to me left his note unsealed, that it might be shown upon emergency to identify the bearer as an honest Pathan—rare creature! But when cash is to be got, there is always emergency with these people. It is an article of their faith to plunder. Afzul called upon every magistrate upon his road, and borrowed money on the credit of his letter. With three years' wages in his pouch, he begged five rupees here, ten there, to the amount of fifty-five rupees. In the kindest manner these gentlemen, who were quite unknown to me, helped my servant along, entrusting to him a "chit" which stated the sum advanced. It would not be charitable to ask why Afzul did not destroy these papers. Let us give a Pathan credit for honesty when we see a chance. Had he torn them up I should never have known my debt, and never have charged it against his wages. One need not ask, either, why a man with cash, much more than sufficient, should borrow money everywhere. It is the nature of some; and they not the least prudent of mankind.

In appearance my Khuggiani did not handsomely represent his people. Though tall and strongly built, he fell below the average of that gigantic race. He had the long Pathan nose and the vulture eyes, but his sallow-brown face was beardless. Afzul looked quaint, a very odd description for a Khuggiani. His mouth always wore a crooked sort of smile, in which the eyes had very little part. You never see a Pathan smile frankly, easily—I mean a Pathan of Afghanistan, for our fellow-subjects of that blood often have an agreeable look, which is something gained over a bad character.

Mindful of my friend's warning, I enquired, and found that Afzul's village lay some miles from Gundámuk. I told my servants to watch him, and they did so with vigilance, no doubt. Every man's hand is against the race which is hostile to all. But day and night Afzul hung about my tent, always crookedly smiling, always

intelligent, ready. He asked no leave of absence. Some few days after our arrival, I said to him: "You know there was a battle close by, less than a fortnight since?"

"Oh yes!" said he, much amused.

"The Khuggianis were engaged. Did your people fight?"

"In the thick! My youngest brother carried a standard and was killed." This with a grin.

"How many did your village lose?"

"Seventeen men, they say."

I did not pursue the subject. It was evident that Afzul had some means of communication with his people, but we could not imagine what they were. He never left camp, and my other servants assured me that he could not have spoken to the few Pathans who were allowed to enter.

Riding from post to post, up and down, with no adventures that bear upon this story, in due time I reached Lundi Kotal. There I chanced to meet one of the political agents of the frontier. As we strolled to and fro before my tent, Afzul came out with an empty bucket, and yelled to a passing bheestie. I observed, "That's a Khuggiani, of Gundámuk," and the agent looked at him with the air of a man who tries to recollect. Afzul put down his bucket and salaamed, with a grin broader and more awry than usual. Forthwith the sahib and the Pathan engaged in animated converse. They talked Pushtoo, of course, the current speech of Afghanistan. I cannot imagine why parents do not cause their sons to learn the less familiar tongues of the East. A half-score of languages are used around the Indian frontier, the command of one of which only means a good income, a position more than respectable, and an interesting service.

After awhile, Afzul took up his bucket and withdrew. The agent turned to me, and said: "You have there one of the most reckless ruffians in the world. If he were not a typical Pathan, one would describe him in even stronger terms."

"It is murder you mean, of course. Does the crime run as far as parricide?"

"Not impossibly, but of that I have no knowledge. Come to my tent after dinner, and I'll tell you all I know."

"One moment. Is it reasonably safe to travel almost alone with the fellow?"

"Reasonably safe, yes. If he does not see a chance very unlikely to arise, nor is tempted by some uncommon loot, the odds are that he will serve you faithfully. I have said that he is a typical Pathan."

What I learned from the agent that night—I am ashamed to forget his name—from Captain McNab, Assistant Political at Peshawur, and from Afzul himself, I have worked into a narrative.

At some durbar or ceremony at Peshawur, two or three maleks, or chiefs, of the Khuggiani tribe, who chanced to be in the town, thought proper to attend. Amongst them was a certain Barat Khan, in whose suite Afzul had a place of no high consideration; but I have said that his face was one to draw the eye by his quaint expression. My friend the agent remarked about him, and learned that he was Barat Khan's brother. Twelve months afterwards or so, Afzul presented himself again with several followers.

"Why," said the officer, "you have risen in the world?"

"Yes; I am now malek."

"Is your brother dead, then?"

"Not yet. The corn is shooting!" a proverb which means that there is time to spare, and that nothing will be lost by delay. "I'll tell you how the matter stands, sahib. In our father's time Barat traded and grew rich. When he came back to our village he built a tower up the hill-side which commanded all the rest. No one interfered with him, spite of all I could say, for he was liberal; but I knew his evil heart. When the building was finished he gathered a dozen budmashes (blackguards), and lodged them there. It was given the malek to understand that he had best resign, and he, an old man, did not make a fight. Then my brother announced himself as candidate. A number of us wanted to resist, but the budmashes tramped from house to house threatening, while Barat sat in his tower, jezail in hand. I had been round encouraging the honest men, and on returning home he fired at me. There he was again at sunrise, with his gun cocked, and when I put my head out of doors a bullet singed my puggaree. Before he could reload I had escaped to the fields. The election was finished when I dared to return at dusk. The following dawn Barat was on the watch, but I had run away. Our mother interfered, and peace was made. But from time to time a whim would seize the Sheitan; he would mount his tower and lie in ambush. Twice he hit me." Afzul showed the scars. "When I came to your jirga last year," he continued, "my plans were nearly complete. Several honest men were eager to help me, and scarce any supported

Barat. We had in the village an old sinner (idolator-Hindoo), rich and miserly. I asked his daughter in marriage, and was refused, like others. He did not mean to settle the girl among us, and talked of moving to Jellalabad. One night we forced the house and took her. Barat came, threatening all sorts of things, but I had found the old man's money-box, and the people sent him away. Within a few hours I began to build a tower above my brother's. He protested and swore, rode into Gundámuk, and appealed to the Ameer's officer; but I had been before him with rupees. Until my walls commanded Barat's platform, I kept quiet; then, without waiting till they were finished, I posted myself on a ladder inside and watched. Oh, it was sport, though the coward dared not show. Before I had one shot, he resigned his post of malek, and the village elected me. And here I am, sahib."

This was five years before Afzul entered my service, when the agent met him for the third time.

Before listening to the continuation of the story, I asked what became of the bride's father.

"Did I omit that incident?" said the political. "'He was killed somehow when we went to his house,' is Afzul's light-hearted way of putting it."

It would seem that Barat had less nerve than his brother. After standing the one or two shots, he left the village, sought out a former partner, and resumed trade. Afzul does not know what has become of him, but the authorities at Peshawur have his fate recorded. Pray note this authentic episode carefully if you would gather facts about the Pathan character.

The friends, Barat and his partner, came down with goods and produce. For many years they had dwelt like brothers together. Upon this journey no quarrel nor disagreement broke out, and they reached Peshawur on the best terms possible. So much was proved alike by the evidence of comrades, and by the statement of the prisoner. In the serai at Peshawur, the friend, having mislaid his knife, borrowed one from Barat Khan. Their trade was satisfactory, and in excellent spirits they started for the homeward trip. Just outside the gate Barat Khan asked for his knife in a careless tone.

"Do you want it badly?" said the friend. "Then take it!" Therewith he stabbed him to the heart.

The murderer was seized, of course ;

equally of course he refused to say a word in his defence. When counsel tried to argue that he suspected Barat of stealing the knife he had lost, the prisoner indignantly rejected this defence. But he gave no other explanation, and he died with his secret untold; if secret there was beside that inborn ferocity which tempts a wild beast to blood.

Before these events Afzul had become malek of the village, and a very restless chief he proved to be. His reign lasted something beyond a year. It came to an end in very awful circumstances.

The Khuggianis are traditionally hostile to their neighbours the Ghilzais. As a tribal quarrel it is not very bitter, but certain villages of either people have a desperate feud with certain other villages respectively. I hope I make myself understood. In generations of desultory warfare, Khuggianis and Ghilzais in the mass have each held their own, but some communities among them have suffered particularly from the attack of other individual communities. Thus blood-feuds have arisen. In such a case the lives lost on either side are marked and numbered for vengeance, and an honourable peace cannot be so much as thought of until the balance has been adjusted in human life or money. Afzul's village stood in arrear some twenty souls with its nearest Ghilzai neighbour. But the great chiefs on either side wished for peace, and the grand jirga, or council, was summoned. Afzul attended, of course, and he found malcontents in abundance among those who stood in the same case as he. When they discovered that the majority desired peace wholesale, so to put it, without regarding individual claims for compensation, they raised so many difficulties and caused so much delay, that the council adjourned. At the same time, it was unmistakably hinted that the great chiefs meant to have their way; the truth being that they and the Ghilzais meditated joint action against the Ameer's representative at Jellalabad.

Afzul went back, assembled his warriors, and explained to them the danger. If a general peace were made they must needs submit to their dishonour, since the jirga could not be defied. There was still time for a vigorous enterprise. If the village should conquer in an attack upon its foe, one of two results equally acceptable must follow, and both were likely. The blood-score which now stood against them would be reduced, and the Ghilzai jirga might be so

irritated as to break off the negotiations, and leave matters in their present happy state. It was decided, therefore, that the whole strength of the place should turn out for a fray.

The Ghilzais concerned had been arguing in the same spirit. They determined to crush their foes before the peace was made. But whilst the Khuggianis resolved to march at night and attack at dawn, the others prepared to march by day and attack at sunset. Thus it happened that whilst the Ghilzais were mustering, their scouts brought intelligence of the enemy at hand. With the first grey light the skirmishing began. I have had the fortune to see such a combat. During my stay at Basawul, the men of a village near went up into the hills, just as did these Khuggianis. They were repulsed, and retreated all the livelong day, in our sight, disputing the ground. At evening time, pursuers and pursued passed before our camp, giving never a glance at the invaders, who thronged to watch the issue. It astonished us to observe how rapidly their awkward guns were fired, and how skilfully they found cover in that grey bare plain. Though we never saw a man upright, the puffs of smoke burst in a line, swiftly advancing, and concentrating round the mud-walls. When at length the beaten party had been pressed nearly home, and bullets, I suppose, began to fly among the huts, we beheld an extraordinary spectacle. The firing slackened, and a long train of women, children, and animals filed out between the combatants, who waited till they passed. Then the row began again, and continued till nightfall, the defenders firing from their walls and towers. I heard—and it is likely to be true—that General Gough sent out an order that this impertinence should cease. The victorious hill-men retired, and the women, I suppose, returned.

Such a fight, probably, was that between the Khuggianis and the Ghilzais. The former had the best of it. When things looked serious, the non-combatants prepared to withdraw. Hostilities ceased, of course, whilst they marched away, but the Khuggianis saw with indignation that their laws of warfare were shamelessly infringed. I do not understand that the quantity or nature of the articles which women may carry off is fixed precisely. Common sense is the guide, and the claims of rank are not ignored. The mother of a family is free to take an animal—if she have one—for every

member of it who can ride and cannot walk. Necessary clothes, provisions, and even a small sum of money, are not objected to; but the privilege must not be used to defraud the victor of his fair loot. As a rule, this unwritten code is followed. I need scarcely say that many Pathan women refuse to profit by it, fighting and dying beside their husbands. It should be added, also, that they receive no hurt nor insult if recognised in time.

The Khuggianis believed that they were cheated on this occasion. In expectation of a fight whereof the issue was uncertain, the Ghilzais had packed up their valuables beforehand, to place them in safety. To this prudent course no objection is made, but the circumstances alter when victory has declared itself. The clemency of the conqueror must not be abused to rob him. The refugees went by, however, unmolested, and the fight recommenced. The Khuggianis advanced more recklessly than usual in their anger and carried the village. When the last Ghilzai who stood his ground had been crimped with alternate slashes like a fish, the younger of the victors dashed away in pursuit of the most valuable booty. They quickly overtook the camels and unloaded them, amidst curses of the women and cries of the frightened children. The donkeys and bullocks had travelled much faster, but some of the children were very young, and the quicker they went the more accidents delayed them. One after another, these also fell into the pursuers' hands, and their burdens were overhauled. But Afzul and half-a-dozen more pushed on, with the untiring Pathan trot. A ten-miles' march, half-a-day's fighting, and a run of twenty miles at the end, would not have alarmed them. I remember once, be it mentioned in parenthesis, asking an Atahzai Pathan how far it was from one village to another. "A day's journey," he said. The distance was sixty miles in a straight line by map. "What is a forced march, then?" I asked. "Half as much again," the fellow answered, and he spoke mere truth.

Afzul and his friends had marked the heavy burdens carried by some women of the richer class, who rode on ponies at the head of the cavalcade. The track led them to a cave amongst some lonely hills—an accustomed hiding-place, no doubt. When the Khuggianis reached this spot, they cried out, for the laws of Moslem decency must always be observed. Some elder women came to them, with hideous oaths



and revilings, as the manner is of this brutal people. The Khuggianis ordered those inside to veil themselves and appear. They did so, scolding, cursing, and lamenting. Then the plunder was dragged out. The women scratched and bit and tore as every package was opened, and the victors endured with such patience as they could. Valuable loot there was in carpets, silks, ornaments, and money, which justified the pursuit. At length the baggage of the malek's wife was brought forward. She, a savage beldame, had been foremost in impotent resistance, and when her own property was touched she foamed and shrieked with rage. A young Khuggiani lost temper and struck her. In the instant she drew her knife and buried it in his side. Reeling forward, he split the old woman's head from crown to jaw, and they fell lifeless one on the other.

There was a pause. To kill a woman knowingly is the one crime unpardonable in the ethics of these people. The Khuggianis drew together and consulted. It was a lonely place; the women were but half-a-dozen, and the children about as many. One thought sprang to every mind, and their looks spoke. Better to destroy the evidence. The fugitives saw their resolve, and fled, screaming for mercy; but in five minutes all were silent.

They threw the bodies in a cleft, drove the ponies on a mile or two, and buried the heavy plunder. They took what they could carry, shouldered their comrade's corpse, and returned. To account for his death was easy, and the Pathan was thoughtful in his cunning. These Khuggianis described to everyone how they had caught the treacherous women and deprived them of their treasure. They said no more, and it was taken for granted that the refugees had not been harmed. If once the bodies were discovered, the crime would have been placed to the credit of the gipsies. So the force of Khuggianis went back in triumph, conscious of "standing to the good" if peace were made.

No particular consequences followed. The authorities at Jellalabad, who naturally favoured Afzul's attitude towards the coalition, overlooked the matter for a small present. As the supreme Ghilzai chief made no complaint, the head of the Khuggianis rested quiet. After awhile, the jirgas met again and abolished all feuds. Rich and honoured, Afzul Khan reigned in his village, until, in an evil moment, it occurred to him to ask the daughter of one

of his accomplices in marriage. Though guilty himself, this odd fellow indignantly refused alliance with one who had killed a woman, and angry words passed. Shortly afterwards the man fell sick, and he accused his malek of poisoning him. Alarmed by the memory of his crime, stirred by desire of revenge, and feeling himself doomed, he confided all the story to the moollah and some leading men. Thereupon he died. The confidants were unwilling to credit a deed so heinous, which stained the proudest victory of their annals; but they went forth secretly, and found the bodies at the place described. Other bits of evidence turned up to support the accusation. Those implicated were not sleeping. A glance, a movement, alarms the Pathan, whom instinct, if not conscience, ever keeps on the alert. They saw the storm gathering, and fled before it broke, carrying such effects as they could. Some five or six set out, with Afzul, but two only reached Peshawur. The rest disappeared in those gorges wherein each pebble has been washed in blood.

About twelve months after his flight, Afzul Khan took service with the friend who passed him on to me. Bravely and faithfully he attended him through many dangers, and I had never reason to complain of my Pathan. I left him at Bombay, and he is now giving perfect satisfaction, as a letter tells me, to an officer of rank who fancied him when in my employ. The children, in especial, make him their favourite.

Here is a true story of the man who gave me the knife; not for money—proh pudor!—but for simple fealty and respect, with a tacit understanding that the value would be repaid him with usury. After digesting it, you will be qualified to speak of the Pathan character quite as sagaciously as are those who read big books upon the subject.

#### THE "CLERGY" ON MAY DAY.

It is doubtful whether the heading of this brief article will be intelligible to my younger readers, but had they lived fifty, or even thirty years ago, they would have known, without any explanation on my part, that chimney-sweeps were called the "clergy," from the very obvious reason that both professions usually appear in black.

In those days, too—fifty years back at any rate—the sweeps were climbing boys, and possibly attracted more attention and

excited more interest than they do now, as wielders of machines.

This brief introduction will prepare every one to hear that I propose to deal with the sweeps and their Jacks-in-the-Green.

I spoke above of the diminished knowledge possessed by our young people of sweeps in general; and unless a very decided revival takes place, the next generation is certainly not likely to know much about Jack-in-the-Green, with his attendant lords and ladies, for the May Day festival is evidently dying out. It is not easy at first to see why this is so, as whatever pays its followers, commonly finds followers in plenty; but the Greens are going, as the Punch and Judy shows and the Ombres Chinoises are going, although the two latter, I am informed, pay better than ever.

With the sweeps, the undeniable advance in the class of men forming the trade may partly account for the decline, as some of the younger professors think it too low and coarse a practice for a master tradesman to encourage. Yet in this age of revivals it would not astonish me to see some improved form of the festival under consideration become again popular.

I have tried to discover how many Greens are now sent out in London, but fail to obtain any trustworthy statistics; it appears certain, however, that the number diminishes year by year, and that unless a business is one in which the sending out the Green has become a tradition, and a custom, it is not done. No new business, as a rule, does it.

In addition to this, a blow was dealt at the institution in 1874, by an order being issued to prevent the Greens from going into the city of London, which had always been looked upon as one of the very best quarters for them, containing more good "pitches" than any other district; and this fact in relation to the City reminds me of a great difference between the "Jacks" and certain other al-fresco performers. Whereas the organ-men, the ballad-singers, and the beggars find their best harvest in the poorest neighbourhoods, the Jacks receive the more money the better the locality.

On a recent May Day, as the Green of my chief informant was jiggling away in front of a large house in a quiet neighbourhood, the mistress herself came to the door, and calling My Lady to her, said:

"I am very glad to see a Jack-in-the-

Green again. I thought they were all gone. As I am pleased to see you, I will give you something which shall make you pleased to have seen me."

And with that she gave her a "golden half-suvrin." On my informant concluding his narrative, he added, with a sigh, something to the same effect as that to which Mr. Crummles gave utterance when speaking of the actor who blacked himself all over to perform Othello—"Such feeling warn't common, more's the pity."

The sweeps—for it is hardly worth while to speak of them any more as the "clergy," and even the familiar slang of "chummy" is now but seldom applied to them—who still send out the Jacks, look forward to the display almost from one May Day to the next, and, indeed, the preparations occupy some considerable time.

No "respectable house" would equip its lord or lady in last year's finery refurbished; every bit of lace, every riband, every silken streamer, should be new, and in this they are helped by the drapers.

Mr. Brush, the old-established chimney-cleanser, as he is fond of calling himself, or rather Mrs. Brush, for it falls in her department—and I never knew an unmarried sweep, which fact forms a curious addition to our social statistics—goes round to her customers and buys any odds and ends of finery she can, often getting them as a present; but she seldom can obtain enough for their purpose in this way, and so she goes to the draper. In expectation of this visit he has allowed his faded finery to accumulate, and so the necessary amount of frippery is collected.

As there is a recognised dress for Hamlet, for Richard the Third, and the like, to which every orthodox actor of the "old school" feels bound, so the traditions of May Day prescribe a costume for My Lord, which all sweeps of a proper conservative turn must respect. His coat should always be blue, or black, and always trimmed with gold; his trowsers should be white, and also trimmed with gold; and for him to wear anything but a cocked hat would be an outrage on propriety, on which even the most reckless would scarcely venture.

It may surprise the reader as much as it did me to know that the ladders wielded by My Lord and My Lady are frequently heirlooms—my informant used the very word; he said, "they were heirlooms"—and have probably been used by two or three generations.

The Green is usually built by the sweeps

themselves, and is composed of a framework of old hoops, connected by uprights of flexible wood; the framework is covered with green baize, and on to this are sewn the boughs which make the green; it is a very light affair. Not less than a dozen persons are required for the full staff of a Jack-in-the-Green, although this number is not always reached. First of all, in priority of engagement, is the musician. He must be able to play the drum—a tolerably easy achievement, in their style of performance, I should say—and the Pandean pipes, or mouth-organ; a less easy thing to do. The number of musicians seems to diminish faster than even the Greens themselves; the organ-men and the German bands have been great foes to them, and it is not easy to find a musician now, so the sweep tries to engage him fully three months before he is wanted. The musician is technically known as the "whistler," and he is required to assist in the rehearsals which take place a few days before the first of May, for, about the time when they buy the laurel boughs to sew on the Green, the intended performers are called together to learn the dance. I have not the slightest idea as to what this dance is called, but all my readers have certainly seen it, and to them, as to myself, it has no doubt appeared a most monotonous, meaningless jig, which anyone could execute, yet candidates are rejected every year because they cannot dance well. I have now and then seen, I must admit, a clown, or "fool" as he is more generally called—and this helps to show how old these games are—dance in a style which engendered a suspicion that the boards of a theatre were not absolutely unknown to him, and now and then, too, one of the girls will dance in a manner which suggests some training.

Next come My Lord, My Lady, Jack-in-the-Green, the clown, and there should also be four boys and four girls. I was surprised to find that the business was not a commonwealth, but that the artists receive a fixed salary, nearly always the same—I give the schedule—and in addition the employer has to provide food. So, in theory, he has to provide liquid refreshment, but as a matter of fact, the latter is most commonly provided by friendly public-houses, or the customers thereof, by whom a very kindly feeling for the poor draggled exhibitors is generally manifested. My Lord is in charge, and has six shillings per day, My Lady has

four shillings, Jack five, the clown four; the boys and girls, according to age, have from half-a-crown to three shillings and sixpence.

The takings of the third day, in a good bright May, usually pay the whole of the staff, leaving the two previous days for the master's profit. I doubt if any one ever gave such interesting information as I impart when I say that the takings of a very well-appointed Green on the first of May, a year or two back, amounted to eight pounds nineteen shillings and eightpence-halfpenny! Wet, raw, cold days, such as have been the fashion with us so often of late, are of course terribly against the receipts, but something like the above amount may be looked for under favourable circumstances. When the May Day excursions prove so remunerative, it of course goes far to make the spring a good one, and help the poor sweep over the summer—always a hard and painful time for him; but the spring, for another reason, is not quite so bad. Although the sweeps have more actual work in the winter, as every housewife knows, yet the spring is the time in which they sell their soot; and this, as may be supposed, is a very important item in their income. The income of a sweep—I mean a master sweep—in only a small way of business, is not so bad as to be despised, I should say, by many a struggling shopkeeper or mechanic. I hope I am not wandering too far from my subject when I say that in the last past winter our sweep was much behind time in his appointment—one o'clock instead of nine, I think, but he was a civil attentive man as a rule, and he excused himself by saying he had already swept twenty-one chimneys that morning, and had several to sweep after leaving my house. Now, at ninepence a chimney, he had not done so badly.

Let not my returns of the May Day profits stimulate a host of readers to start Jacks-in-the-Green next year, as they will find, at the last moment, that this privilege is denied them, unless they are professional sweeps—a qualification which many might fancy made even the possession of a Green a dear bargain. This, I am well aware, is opposed to the popular belief, which credits very few of the May Day exhibitions with really issuing from a sweep's yard; but though custom and the law both recognise the existence of these mummers in the sweep's trade, yet the exhibition is punish-

able if attempted by others. It is usual to show, by a semicircular brass plate, fixed on the front of the Green—such as some of my readers can remember the climbing boys used to wear in their caps—who the proprietor is, and My Lord must carry a card with the address of the owner, which he is bound to show to any policeman who may demand its production. It is hardly necessary to say that My Lord is often the proprietor himself, or still more often, one of his family. That the owner is always represented either among the performers, or in a vigilant attendant and watcher of the receipts, is pretty certain.

Among other innovations which jar upon the sensitive mind of the orthodox tradesman, may be reckoned the anomalous fact that there are a good many teetotal sweeps, and, by consequence, several teetotal Jacks and My Lords. I am not able to say whether, when these perform outside a public-house, the ordinary "arf-an'-arf" is exchanged for ginger-beer or lemonade, or whether scruples are sunk for this particular festival; I only know that there are teetotalers in the Jack-in-the-Green ranks, which seems to me a fact of astounding novelty.

There is a picture of Haydon's in the Kensington Museum, entitled *May Day*, which is intended to give an idea of the sweep's Saturnalia. I merely mention this picture that my readers may look at it when next they visit the museum, and note how preposterously unlike everything they ever saw in the Jack-in-the-Green line, is this composition.

To sum up, I may say that the days of Jack-in-the-Green are numbered, and I conclude as I began, by expressing my belief that the coming generation will know little or nothing of him. With him will disappear the last remnant of popular mediæval romance, and of the old English sports, which venerable items Jack had grown to represent about as well as Temple Bar recalled a baron's fortress of the time of Cœur de Lion. In the United States I do not think the sweeps hold any such jubilee as they do in England. I am far from committing myself to the assertion that in their vast area no festival is held by the trade, at which My Lord, My Lady, and above all, Jack-in-the-Green, assist; I only venture to say I never heard of anything like it, nor do I think the custom exists. If I am correct, then, what might have been one great chance for the perpetuation

of the Green, the pipe, the tabor, and the morris-dance, is lost.

Yet, after all, the greatest danger to the festival—the cause, indeed, which secures its certain extinction—is the unquestionable advance in the members of the trade. For a long time to come—always, perhaps—it may be the rule to laugh at and satirise the sweep, especially in all his attempts at refinements, but he will improve, as he has improved, and his level will rise as the level of those around him rises. The growing dislike to the exhibition, and the feeling that it is "low," weakens year by year the foundation of the festival, and by itself would make its extinction merely a question of time; for year by year younger and better-educated men come into the trade, who think its interests are better served, and its poorer members more efficiently helped, by the establishment of sick and relief societies than by these mummings; and they have already a very fair nucleus for such associations. If the public would only assist by systematic help to the sweeps in this direction, even though they withheld their support from Jack-in-the-Green, they would do a great deal of good to a deserving, useful, and hardworking class of the community.

#### SUNDAY IN SHOREDITCH.

For a good, old-fashioned, Sunday-morning feeling commend us to Bishopsgate Without, the church-bells of St. Botolph ringing clamorously for service from the comely tower close by; a tower that has a pleasant urban look, as if quite at home among the roofs and chimneys, while it seems to quiver and thrill with the weight of its sonorous harmony, and pavements and houses send back the echoes with a quite deafening resonance. Other bells more distant are faintly heard rising and falling at each pause of the intermittent traffic of the street. Pauses frequent enough, indeed, although the street is not by any means deserted; people are moving about in a leisurely fashion, people of the neighbourhood, in morning deshabille, enjoying a glimpse of sunshine, and the sight of other people—a minority these—on their way to church. At this quiet time Bishopsgate itself assumes a country high-street aspect, and there is leisure to notice the many nice fragments of the old world, which here enjoy a precarious



existence—a charming morsel of an old City mansion, now a public-house; tall houses of timber whose quaint gables the Great Fire may have scorched and yet spared; here a church almost buried among houses, and there a meeting-house lurking in a quiet little court.

As the bells of St. Botolph grow fainter and fainter, another clashing peal takes up the burden, the bells of Shoreditch, familiar to childhood in the ancient rhyme, "When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch." One would like to hear them say it for once; but, in truth, with all the goodwill in the world, they can't be made to say anything of the kind. Perhaps the old bells used to say it, the bells that rang so sweetly as to charm the ears of good Queen Bess; the bells that Dick Tarleton must have listened to, a good comedian before Shakespeare had come to town, and Burbage, who was Shakespeare's comrade. Anyhow, they tolled for the burying of them. And these old bells had doubtless a sweet merry chime that their successors cannot quite attain to, and of which the children, perhaps, have alone kept up the memory. Anyhow, the bells now ringing are too strenuous and important to concern themselves about childish babble. Round a corner the church suddenly reveals itself high and imposing, of streaky white, with a classic portico and tall spire, outlined against the dull mist which, even on the finest days, seems to be the natural atmosphere of the East of London. Inside, the aspect of things is somewhat cold and gloomy, in respect of tall columns and mural tablets, while under the tablets sit rows of severe-looking old ladies, who give the impression of being connected with almshouses, or borne upon foundations, and in themselves memorials of founders or benefactors. And the churchyard with its trim asphalt paths, and green orderly grass with white selected tombstones showing here and there, as if the thousand forgotten dead below had made a caucus after the latest fashion and chosen the proprietors of the smartest tombstones as representatives, has but a melancholy aspect in spite of its trim propriety. A window, too, looking out into the churchyard from an old-fashioned red-brick house, announces "Child's carriage funerals, ten guineas," whereupon the bells decline to jangle anything else in our ears.

As far as getting rich is concerned, Shoreditch itself cannot have much to complain of. It is quite possible to get rich out of

the very poor, and Shoreditch seems to know the way with its cheap clothiers, its publicans, and its pawnbrokers, to say nothing of providers of funereal poms. Thus Shoreditch is quite the grand street of the district, and the Eastender turns into it for a lounge just as the citizen of the West might turn into Regent Street or Piccadilly. Only at night, and especially on Saturday night, the street assumes quite a different aspect. Fog and darkness settle down, brooding upon the glow of the crowded street, the red glow from the shops, and the lamps, and the flaring cressets over a line of booths. In the glare an endless procession marches past, covering the pavement and swarming upon the roadway—a procession of men and women; the men rough and forbidding, the women hollow-eyed and silent, or hysterically noisy, with loud laughter and bitter oaths. Then the frantic din, the shouts of the sellers of whelks and winkles, the yells of shopkeepers not to be outdone, aided, perhaps, by a brass band from a first-floor window, or drums and fifes from a butcher's shop. Out of the darkness come the shriek and roar of trains, with a passing glimpse of white steam lit up by furnace glare.

To-day everything is changed—the tram-car glides softly along, the omnibus saunters past; all is subdued and pensive.

It is a marvellous crossing this by Shoreditch Church, a tavern and a railway-station on either hand—a crossing of dismal-looking roads winding away into the recesses of the slums. To the left is Hoxton, with its labyrinth of dirty streets, where the housebreaker looks to find a refuge, and where a magistrate's warrant must be backed by a strong force of police. Bethnal Green, with its softer associations of pigeon fanciers and flyers, lies to the right, and all about a far-reaching plain more thickly populated, perhaps, than any other patch on the earth's crust; a dead level of obscure toil and grinding poverty; a great plain where the Israelites are camped in their lowly booths, making bricks for the Egyptians; Israelites, however, without any hope of an Exodus, except by way of the parish-hearse to the pauper's grave.

It requires a little tact to find the way about here. To ask from a respectably-dressed man standing at a street corner, brings upon the enquirer the sudden, stealthy scrutiny of a pair of vague and lustreless eyes. He was on the point of going that

way himself, and is pleased to be of service to a gentleman; and suddenly waxing confidential as he shambles along, says that he has lately come into a good deal of money, and would like to do a bit of good with it; only there is so much deception in the world, and no knowing whom to trust—and then suddenly the mistrustful man vanishes, as a policeman looms round the corner; the poor man having lost confidence even in the police force it would seem. But although our sceptical friend has led us a little out of the way, we owe him no ill will, for he has brought us into a quite handsome and lightsome opening, with a big building on one side that might be a monster hotel with its balconies and suites of rooms, only the sight of newspaper-boys with sheafs of Lloyd's and Dispatches appearing and disappearing at various altitudes, suggests a settled population given to Sunday papers. In fact, this is a cluster of improved dwellings, and very nice dwellings they are; only as the British workman infinitely prefers his little two-storeyed tenement, to share with a lodger after his own mind—if the house has bow-windows and venetians so much the better—it might be just as well to try and improve upon his model instead of hoping to educate him up to climbing five pairs of stairs. And then we come to a group of buildings like some mediæval college or cloistered convent, which turns out to be Columbia Market, all cleanly swept but deserted except for a cat; a friendly tabby which plays hide-and-seek round the stone pillars. From the market starts a clean and respectable street, with houses and shops all new and as yet unoccupied, of average suburban pattern; starts and soon finishes; coming abruptly to an end, as a pier or breakwater jutting out into a sea of slums.

Here stops the clean, the new, the respectable, with a fringe of jutting bricks and iron bands hanging out like feelers, the outlines of future hearths and fire-places traced out in the blank wall; and squatting below, with an air of sullen defiance, some of the meanest, most squalid little houses ever seen, with outside shutters all awry, and battered doors—little low-browed houses of a dull plethoric red; houses on which vice and violence have left a mark as unmistakable as they ever leave upon a human countenance. A door opens, and from the blackness of the interior a woman's face peers out livid and

discoloured, a sullen gloomy face; peers out at the passer-by and withdraws as if disappointed. Here and there are narrow alleys leading to gloomy culs-de-sac, and at one of these some rough-looking men are unloading boxes of damaged fish, alluring neither to sight nor smell. The fish speedily disappears down the dark alley, leaving us in doubt as to the Sunday morning's occupation of the inmates, with their surfeit of damaged fish. Will they proclaim a feast for all the neighbours round, like the Esquimaux when a whale comes ashore; or will they kipper their fish, or salt them down, or pickle them? Anyhow they will have a busy and not savoury morning's work, and are not likely to get to church or tabernacle.

The Tabernacle is close by as it turns out; a red-brick building of considerable size, with a Gothic front, and in so far a departure from strict tabernacular constructive principles. Curiously enough, a tabernacle existed in Shoreditch a century and a half ago, for when the old parish church was pulled down, in the days of the second George, the temporary building which supplied its place was called the Tabernacle. There is no need to say that the Tabernacle of to-day does not trace its descent in any way from the former one, but has sprung from the earth, fully formed and capacious enough to hold three thousand people, at the bidding of an earnest and successful preacher. Yes, fairly preached into existence, for it is the creation of preaching as the great instrument of the nonconformist propaganda that has produced such busy and flourishing religious organisations from very small beginnings. One great attraction of the Tabernacle for unattached worshippers or auditors, is the welcome it affords to all comers. Five minutes before the service begins all the regular seat-holders are supposed to be in their places, and the world in general may come in and help itself to the unoccupied seats. Volunteer pew-openers run about with a keen eye to vacant spaces, hymn-books crop up for everybody; and if you think to get off without looking out your text, half-a-dozen different proffers of books will shame you out of your laxity. As for the regular congregation, it is easy enough to see that they feel themselves quite at home. There is a good deal of whispering before service begins, and of shaking hands across the seats; all open seats of pitch-pine, very

comfortable and comely. Mrs. Jones is enquired after and the baby, and how they got home from the meeting the other night; in fact, it is easy to see that the Tabernacle is a centre of social amenities and pleasures, and so far helps to make the wilderness about it something less of a wilderness to those concerned. There is the projecting platform here also instead of the pulpit—a notion that seems to have come from America; indeed, a sort of feeling comes across one that there is an American tinge about the matter generally, only it is well to bear in mind that we have here perhaps a little of the raw material of the Yankee; for East London hangs very much, the avowable part of it, to East Anglia, where you may find to this day many of Uncle Sam's belongings, down to the very phrases that he has made his own. And when we meet in American books with Deacons Brown and Elders Smith, and so on, we are often unconscious that the same titles are common enough here, only they don't get into books, unless it be tracts, as the religious communities, where they are used, hold themselves a good deal aloof from general literature. All this is suggested by the deacons and elders of our Tabernacle, who sit in a row behind the minister helping him with the hymns, and generally supporting him by their presence. Not that he requires extraneous support, for he treads the platform as if it were a quarter-deck, and there is something about him with his black beard and square resolute face that reminds one a good deal of the master mariner. Then there is an organ and a choir, and good hearty singing. The place is well filled to about a third of its capacity; at night they say it is crowded; but here again it is noticeable that the slums are not represented. It is quite irritating to find everybody so respectable and intelligent-looking. The sermon, too, is of a personal and intimate nature addressed rather to the faithful than to the outside world. It is never dull, however; the new school is based upon this splendid rule, never to be dull; you may startle, you may shock the prudish even, but never to be dull. Only it takes a considerable energy, one would judge, a perpetual fount of go, to preach up a big Tabernacle, fill it, and keep it going.

Turning out into the streets, the stream of people from the Tabernacle, in which the feminine element, perhaps, preponderates, is soon merged and lost to sight in

the general crowd, which is decidedly masculine. All the male population is in the streets, and has not been thinking much of its religious duties, for people do not presumably go to church or chapel with short pipes in their mouths or dogs under their arms, or bundles in blue cotton handkerchiefs that are tenderly handled, and may be pigeons. In fact, we are in the midst of the regular before-dinner lounge of the working man. He has conned over his Sunday paper, has smoked more than is good for him, and now turns out at a quarter to one or so, in groups of two or three, to get an appetite. The women are all at home helping to get dinner ready, and somehow or other it is pleasant to think that the vast majority, even in the East, do contrive to get a dinner on Sunday. The promenade does not begin earlier, for our working man objects to go far without the chance, at least, of a friendly drain. It does not last beyond half-past one, on account of the paramour claims of dinner, and of "the missus," who is likely to be heard of if there is any undue delay. The Sunday afternoon is "the missus's" of good right, and if the week has been fairly prosperous, she may have been able to redeem her best dress from the pawnbroker's, where it passes the best part of its existence, and then her man will not be ashamed to take her for a walk; and if she is inclined to improve the occasion, there are plenty of opportunities in the way of special Sunday services. There is Canon Farrar, we will say, lecturing on Temperance and Thrift, and if her man would be the better for a little temperance, she herself would not be the worse for a modicum of thrift. Only they like to go where they feel themselves at home, and they certainly would not be at home in a church, nor yet in a chapel, however homely.

Shoreditch is sleepy during the Sunday afternoon, but wakes up with a start at six o'clock. Bells chime, the public-houses open, and the streets begin to grow lively. People turn out now who do not care to show themselves in the garish light of day. Keen and stealthy faces are on the watch for anything advantageous, but rather from professional instinct than in expectation of reward, for we are not a crowd that promises much to a thief—we whistle light-heartedly, confident in our empty pockets. There may be a house-breaker or two among us whose pockets are worth picking, but if so they move

about without arrogance or assumption. Indeed, we may have a little of the American-Indian even here in the greater refinement and intelligence of those at war upon society, who in their native wilds, and not upon the war-path, are often well conducted and even polite. And the rough is conspicuously absent in Shoreditch, which we would expect to find his chosen retreat on Sunday nights. He is said to be busy farther out in the suburbs. It is certain that we see nothing of him to-night.

An excellent feeling is displayed in one of the announcements for the evening. "For one hour only. At the Town Hall!" which gives a favourable view of the promoters of that particular service, as sympathetic with human weakness. A town hall suggests the notion of a mayor and corporation, and one doesn't see why there should not be a Mayor of Shoreditch, where there are a good many souls in sad want of leadership and direction. But as a matter of fact there is no mayor, and the Town Hall is haunted by some intangible presence known as The Sanitary Authority. A fine building is the Town Hall, with a handsome room upstairs now filled with chairs in rows, and cheerfully lighted. There are several hundred persons present, and room for six times as many. One could have thought that a seat in this nice bright warm room, with nothing to pay, and only an hour of it at most, would be the very thing to suit the tenants of the slums around. There are no sumptuary regulations, nothing to do but to sit still and listen. Babies in arms are admissible; and there was, indeed, one woman who looked as if she had not a good time of it at home, sallow and worn, in a faded shawl, with a baby at her breast, that was pale too and wan; and she, poor woman, really seemed to enjoy it all very much, nursing her baby and keeping quiet, only just rocking to and fro as the hymns were sung. Then there were sundry tailors and shoemakers, but very spruce, and not much to be distinguished from Civil Service clerks till you saw their hands; and here and there a face dirty and grimy, that kept itself, or was left, apart. Here the hymns were the chief attraction—American hymns rendered with a good deal of spirit by an amateur choir. And the sermon was lively too, the preacher Welsh evidently, by extraction, but who had acquired the accent and something of the half-conscious humour of

the Yorkshireman. When interest drooped he revived it with a story or anecdote. There was one story of a little boy who was put to bed without a shirt, and who dreamt that he had become the possessor of a red-brick house with a brass knocker, and mahogany tables and chairs, and a horsehair sofa, and even a wife and children of his own, and awoke to find himself without even a shirt! Perhaps it is an old story, but anyhow the way in which our preacher showed with his fingers the tears trickling down that little boy's cheeks at this disappointment, and the good man's evident sympathy with the little boy's troubles, would have moved a heart of stone. He was not so happy, perhaps, in his more serious vein, when he thundered out that we, his hearers, were all slumbering in a state of delusiveness. But all came to an end just a little past the hour, and the audience were dismissed with a springing lively chorus by the choir.

In the streets once more, the people are coming out of the Tabernacle in full force, while a strong sturdy human stream is gushing forth from the parish church, but all these are as nothing to the crowd in the streets. All Shoreditch, Hoxton, and Bethnal Green seem to have turned out to enjoy the bright starlit night. And the crowd is marvellously well behaved—would put to shame a gathering of like kind in more aristocratic districts. The public-houses are full, but quiet too; in one there is an announcement of a literary reading that night, to begin at eight o'clock; while in a coffee-house close by notice is given that a Scriptural discussion goes on every Sunday evening.

Drifting along Citywards—we have passed into Bishopsgate, but still are surrounded by the influences of Shoreditch—we come to a compact crowd on the pavement, a crowd that runs over upon the roadway, in front of a building covered with placards, which, it seems, is called the Great Central Hall. The placards announce a temperance meeting to-night at eight o'clock. Again there is nothing to pay, and the crowd acknowledges the fact in its good humour and lack of impatience, nobody hammering at the doors or making disturbance, although the hour announced for opening has passed. It turns out that a religious service is going on, and that we shall not be admitted till that is over. The crowd in waiting is heterogeneous enough—workmen, loafers, girls in smart bonnets,



women in faded shabby ones, and a cluster of bullet-headed fellows with tall-peaked felt hats, and with gay kerchiefs round their throats, who, on week-days, are most likely to be found between the shafts of a costermonger's barrow. Conspicuous among the girls is Laura of the fried-fish shop—conspicuous not only for her purple velvet bonnet, but for her fresh florid face and intrepid bearing. Laura has friends everywhere among the sallow youths who are exchanging badinage, couched in mysterious phrases, and accentuated by shrill whistles and cat-calls. When the doors are opened, there is a shrewd squeeze in the doorways—ours is marked "Gallery"—but as all roads lead to Rome, so those who have passed the press in any of the entrances, find themselves in the same lobby, where there is a refreshment counter for ordinary nights, now occupied with piles of tracts, and with every facility for signing the pledge out of hand. Galleries and pit are open to the public, the dress-circle is reserved for those who support the movement in a pecuniary sense. But even those of us who squeezed in first have not the entire area to choose from; the religious meeting prolongs itself into the temperance meeting, and the crowd from outside can only drift into the unoccupied spaces. The boys have swarmed into the gallery, and are clambering about and clinging to the iron railings, in the happy make-belief, perhaps, that this is something of a Boxing-night with the pantomime coming on presently. For this is a regular theatre—once known as the City of London, with the drop-scene down en permanence, and the proscenium arranged with harmonium and piano, and rows of chairs. Laura is just in front of us, and has found room for a favoured swain between herself and a pillar, while another friend whose chin and forehead slope off rather suddenly, but who is otherwise a cheerful and agreeable young man, is established close behind her.

One by one the chairs on the stage are filled with staid serious men, inured to meetings, who look a little out of keeping with their painted background of palatial terrace, tall columns, and marble balustrades. The stage-box is occupied by a large and serious family, with a pater-familias also large and serious at its head. We are waiting for somebody, it appears, who is expected to take the chair; but, as he does not come, another gentleman instals himself in the vacant seat. In the meantime a group of young women have assembled

upon the stage, and after some religious preface, these young women, under the guidance of a musical youth, who waves a roll of music as a bâton, burst forth into song, to a lively sprightly tune with a good chorus for everybody's benefit. Programmes containing the words are sold for a penny, words which go to show that the temperance muse has not been largely inspired as yet:

See the havoc drink is making  
Round your very doors,  
Join at once the undertaking,  
Help the temperance cause.

These are the words we are singing, but, after all, what do words matter when the tune is good and the singing spirited? Then follows a recitation by a dark young man with a melodramatic delivery. Albert, a noble youth full of every generous impulse, marries a charming bride, and forthwith takes to the village alehouse. Coming home one night intoxicated as usual, his poor wife can't restrain her tears as he is pulling off his boots. Maddened by this, Albert levels one of his boots at her head with fatal accuracy, and kills her. Subsequently he commits suicide. The dénouement is lustily applauded. The bullet-headed men, however, don't join in. They look uneasy. Their boots are thick and heavy. Is conscience awakened? "Which was nothing but a haccident," remarks the young man with a sloping forehead. Laura, however, is indifferent. She has not yet authorised anybody to throw boots at her, and doesn't mean to. Hereupon a sensible-looking man on the platform comes forward to make a speech, and draws a moral from the affair of the boot. "When your husband comes home the worse for drink, don't use hard words to him;" advice too rational to be generally appreciated. Certain stern-faced women shake their heads resolutely. "Wouldn't I," cries Laura, "and something harder than words." "Oh no, you wouldn't, not if you loved 'im," suggests the favoured one. But Laura seems to mean it, and possibly the youth with the sloping forehead might find that if Laura and he were placed under the same circumstances as Albert and his unfortunate wife, the boot might be upon the other foot.

Then we have songs—one from the young man who conducts the choir, a concerted piece by full choir, a solo by a young lady. The words are sacred, but the tunes are secular and lively. Most of the songs have a chorus, and we all join in merrily. There is a tendency to whistle the accom-

paniments, but this is subdued—out of politeness to our entertainers, who object to whistling, as also to smoking—to a very minor key. Laura thinks it very pretty, but her friend sneers at it all—at the young tenor's voice, at the young woman's execution. In the chorus he shows how he would do it himself, and certainly he exhibits remarkable compass, now soaring in alto, and again grovelling in the bass. Follows the lion piece of the evening, by a practised hand, who enjoys a great reception at the hands of the regular attendants. The recitation is from an American source, in honour of those Northern heroes who fell in the war of secession. As far as Laura and her friends are concerned, the heroes might be Abyssinian for any particular interest they feel in them; but with the solid nucleus of religious people here there is a distinct and favourable appreciation of the American flavour. The heroes of the Northern states are plainly their heroes—the heroes of a holy war that has given Nonconformity a Walhalla of its own.

But in our part of the house enthusiasm is chilled by the appearance of a long procession of wooden boxes of portentous size, suggesting ponderous contributions—portable savings-banks, indeed, with narrow slits admitting coin, but excluding fingers, and with no apparent means of withdrawing their contents. "I hope there's enough of them," said Laura bitterly, "and as they'll hold all the sovereigns I'm going to put into them." Her friend suggested they are thus large to prevent anybody from sneaking them away. However, the appearance of the money-boxes clears the passages and doorways of the late-comers who had clustered there; and now we sing a hymn to drown the chink of coin, which only chinks feebly and intermittently. Laura looks stonily at the box, and passes it on, whilst her critical friend vaguely searches his pockets without result. "And they call this admission free," he remarks sarcastically, as soon as the collectors have passed. As for the bullet-headed men, I believe they contributed a halfpenny among them, which gave them a right to grumble a little at the arrangements. However, as we pushed out into the street, the general impression seemed to be that an agreeable time had been spent, and we dissipated any sense of restraint that might have been felt within by whistling our loudest and lighting up the shortest and blackest of pipes.

## VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

BY THEO GIFT.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER XVII. DR. HAMILTON TELLS HIS STORY.

"STAY, Mr. Ashleigh," said the doctor quietly, "I do not want to keep you against your will; but you have said either too much or too little already: too much a great deal if we are to be friends, too little if we are to be enemies. In justice, not to myself, but to those others who are affected by your accusations, more especially"—he paused and added in a voice of strong emotion—"to her who, laid in her early grave so many years ago, is not even suffered to rest there in peace, I must ask you to remain a little longer."

"To what purpose?" said Lionel scornfully. "You carry off these matters with a high hand, Dr. Hamilton; but, after all, you are safe in doing so. Whatever your connection with this poor girl may have been, I have no right to call you to account for it; nor for the sake of those who bear her name would I claim one if I could. If you can rest in peace with the memory of that early grave you speak of, do so; I, at any rate, have no wish to disturb either it or your wife's happiness. You have been candid with her at all events, it appears, and have been fortunate in preserving her regard. Mine must be as little to you as yours is to me, and with your leave I would rather cut short our acquaintance here. Good-afternoon."

"John," said Mrs. Hamilton. She had sunk into a chair when her husband first spoke to her, her head drooping forward, her hands locked together; but now she lifted her face, drawn and livid as if in actual torture. "John, let him go. It is nothing to him. He will not say anything; it is between you and me."

The doctor came close to her and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Between you and me!" he said bitterly. "Yes, Helen, you are right. It has been there too long by far, marring the happiness of two lives, when perhaps plain speaking at the beginning, might, Heaven knows, have yet come in time to heal and save them. For your sake and mine, if for no other, there shall be no more of it, not even at your bidding. We are getting old people now, wife, and may talk of these things more coolly. Will you stay and hear the plain truth, hard as it may be to tell and

hear, or will you go to your room and let this clergyman speak to you afterwards? Impatient as he is, he is too honest himself to refuse to listen to me if I tell him that in all he has said he is utterly and entirely mistaken."

"In what way?" said Lionel. He had resumed his seat almost involuntarily, in obedience to the doctor's authoritative tone and gesture; but the whole scene had something inexpressibly painful and solemn in it to him. What dark picture of sundered lives, and home happiness murdered in its youth, had he stepped into? Was this wife really ignorant of the facts she was trying so passionately to hide? He would have given worlds if she would have gone away, and left him and the other man to speak to each other freely as men might: but she neither moved nor answered, and her husband made no further effort to persuade her.

"Mr. Ashleigh," he said shortly, "you have accused me of a crime which not only dishonours a man, but his victim. This crime I never committed."

"You did not! It was not you then——"

"Who ruined Amy Dysart?' Those were your words, I think, Mr. Ashleigh; and if any man had spoken them when I was a few years younger, he would have got a hotter rejoinder. Ruined her? Do men ruin the things they love and reverence best in the world! Would you stamp on the nestless bird which flutters half-frozen to your feet through a winter's gale? Amy Dysart was a girl, orphaned, friendless, cast out upon the world by those who should have cared for her. She came to me for love, and I gave it her; for shelter and protection, and she had them. For ruin! She was too innocent to know the meaning of the word, and neither from me nor any other did she ever learn it. She died here in these arms, and I pray God my own little lassies, whom you hear chattering in the room above, may die as pure and stainless in fact and thought as that dead girl, whose name, so roughly handled to-day, has been a sealed and sacred one with me for fifteen years."

There was utter silence in the room for a moment. Through it you could hear the children's voices, to which the doctor had alluded, laughing in the schoolroom, and the autumn wind whistling through the shrubbery without. Mrs. Hamilton had started, and made a movement as if to rise while her husband was speaking;

but he still stood beside her, his hand resting, perhaps unconsciously, on her shoulder, and she sank back again trembling very much. In the one hasty glance Lionel gave her he thought she was going to faint; yet she managed to keep her place, and sat still, her head drooping, her hands clasped as before.

"Dr. Hamilton, I beg your pardon," said the curate very gravely. "I will stay as long as you like. This is a painful subject, and I need not tell you how thankful I am to hear what you have just told me. I cannot disbelieve you, little as it tallies with what has gone before; all I wish is that this poor girl's relations had known it too. It would have saved much misery and remorse both to them and—others."

The doctor smiled bitterly.

"If any words of mine could have aggravated that misery and remorse they would have been spoken long ago," he said; "as it is, I am not Christian enough even now to regret what I think well deserved. What had Amy Dysart ever done that she should have been driven from her home?"

"She was sent, so Mrs. Dysart told me, to a good school."

"To a good school! But there, you shall hear the whole story. Your relation to the girl who bears her name, and the suffering which I have unhappily been the means of bringing on her, give you a right to that much, and it may be a warning to you. I suppose I was about your age when all this happened—fifteen years ago, and barely forty-five now! Yes, I was not quite thirty. My first practice was a very small one in Glasgow, but I gave it up as soon as I could; and a paper on 'The Treatment of Throat Diseases' which I had written, and which was published in the *Lancet*, attracted sufficient attention to give me courage to move south and assume a better position. I chose Brighton for the purpose. I had letters of recommendation to two or three influential people there, and I knew it was largely populated by girls' schools, to whom the frosts and fogs of our climate were especially prejudicial.

"Well, the move was a success—in one way, at any rate. Begin in a certain style and with a certain prestige, and in such a place you are pretty sure to succeed. The only drawback is that the prestige costs something, and the style something more. For every paying patient that I got in those

first two years my expenses exactly doubled my fees; and before the end of the third, when many of my confrères were speaking enviously of me as that fortunate Scotch fellow Hamilton, I was so heavily in debt that at times I was almost tempted to throw the whole thing up and emigrate. Of course it was my own fault. Begin as an unknown, struggling young surgeon, spending twopence-halfpenny a year because you have only twopence-halfpenny to spend, and be content to plod on in a small third-rate way, till by one thing or another you can turn your pence into sixpences, and you are pretty safe to plod on in the same small third-rate way for the next dozen years, or perhaps to drop out and be crushed in the struggle for existence, as fifty better men than yourself have been. But come to a place with a flourish of well-devised trumpets announcing you as a fashionable young doctor, clever, well-to-do, who has made a name already, and who, if folks don't treat him properly, will just as soon take it, his skill, and his prestige elsewhere as stay amongst them, and you are sure to succeed and be made much of. That was the line I adopted at any rate. Before the end of the three years I have mentioned I had got the name of being one of the most rising young surgeons in Brighton, had one or two titled people on my list of patients, lived in handsome rooms, gave snug dinners, and rode as good a horse as any you could see upon the Parade; at which same time I was exactly fifteen hundred pounds in debt—not to the Brighton tradespeople, I was too shrewd to risk my standing by any such folly as that, but to the London Jews, who advanced me the money I required.

"It was about this time that I first met Amy Dysart.

"Among the poorer patients on my list I happened just then to be attending a young German clarionet-player from the orchestra at the Theatre Royal. He had injured his knee badly in some way, and, when I was sent for, it seemed likely that the leg would have to come off. I managed to save it, but it was a long job. I don't think the poor fellow left his bed for a good three months; and as he had no relations and few friends in Brighton he might have fared badly enough, but for the visits from his sweetheart, who came to see him two or three times a week, and for an idea of mine, that he might benefit me and himself by teaching me German.

Being a bachelor, I could generally find some odd hour in the day or evening for taking a lesson, and it was in this way that I saw his liebes fräulein more frequently than I might otherwise have done.

"It was in that way that I saw Amy Dysart also; for the two came together. The German was a commonplace, middle-class young woman, a teacher in some school, and as thick-headed and uninteresting as the generality of her kind; but Amy Dysart was something so widely different that the wonder was to see her in such companionship at all. Well, you see that portrait, so you can make some guess at the loveliness it suggests; but it can only be a guess after all. In all these years I have never seen, among pictures or women, anything to equal the exquisite, flower-like beauty of that girl of seventeen. There was a mystery about her, too. Though slightly un-English in dress and appearance, there was a refinement and daintiness about both which separated her widely from her companion, her little hands were as white as snow, her manner a charming contrast of spoilt-child playfulness and abandon with a pensive melancholy which, when she was silent or thoughtful, gave her delicate features an air of riper age than her years warranted. Who she was, however, or what was her name, I did not know. The fräulein never called her anything but the pet title of Blümchen in addressing her, 'my friend' in speaking of her; and the clarionet-player professed the same ignorance as myself on the subject; while when I tried to find out something about the fair visitor from herself, she put aside my queries jestingly and declared she was only a friend of the fräulein's, a stranger, a gipsy, a German princess in disguise—anything, in fact, which came into her wilful head at the moment to say.

"Of course we made friends. It would hardly have been natural if we had not done so, I being a young unmarried man with no home ties and all a man's natural admiration for a beautiful girl; and she scarcely more than a child, with nothing to do and no intimate friend or relation of her own sex to warn and guide her. Not that I was young beside her. Thirty compared with seventeen seems almost middle-aged to the latter, and, added to my position as 'the doctor,' gave me all the privileges of years and dignity in her eyes; while on the other hand her extreme youth and



innocence and a certain sweet and winning frankness of address gave her a charm in my eyes quite different to that of any other girl I had ever met, and enabled me to treat her with something of the authority and familiar kindness that one shows to a favourite child.

"I had no idea—I say it on my honour—of her real position. If I made any guesses at it, it was that she was attached to the corps of the Theatre Royal; or to a 'troupe' of ballad-singers styling themselves the 'Anglo-Continental Concert Company,' which was then starring in Brighton. This idea I got, I suppose, from something of the foreign element about her, and from her using scraps of German and Italian continually, to help out her conversation; something, too—yes, I will say it frankly—in the perfect freedom and fearlessness of her manner which, though most purely innocent, and owing, as I learnt later, to her having been brought up abroad, and more among men than women, was yet widely different both from the severe formality of the Scotch young women I had known in my earlier days and from the unformed shyness of ordinary English girls at her age, led me to the opinion; and, in the spirit of childlike fun, she rather encouraged the mistake than corrected it.

"It was an unfortunate one on both sides; for though it facilitated our friendship, it led to all the unhappiness that followed.

"We were happy enough at the time, however, and intimate enough. Fräulein Bertha's visits were never long enough to make it worth while for me to give up my lesson; and as it would have been brutal to deprive her lover of the full benefit of them, 'Blümchen' and I used to adjourn to the landing outside and talk to each other there till the fräulein came out and hurried her off with audible ejaculations of fear lest she should be late.

"An odd, unromantic place for a man's first love idyll, perhaps—a dirty, uncarpeted landing, up three flights of narrow stairs, and lit by a ghastly little window looking down over a wilderness of house-tops and crusted with the dust and sea-salt of years! Yet all the same (I blame none for it but myself), whenever I look back to the spot where the happiest moments of my whole life have been passed, I see nothing but a vision of that tiny square of blackened boards at the top of a third-rate lodging-house, with myself leaning against the creaky railing, and a slight girl-figure perched on the

narrow window-shelf, an exquisite girl-face relieved against the dusty panes: always that—nothing more!

"She told me plenty about herself in these talks: that she was born in Dresden, and had lived in Italy; that she had neither father nor mother—nothing but a brother whom she loved dearly, passionately, but who had been turned against her by his wife, a cruel, hard, selfish woman, who had made her life miserable while she was at home, and then had driven her out into the world; and that now her brother, too, had ceased to care for her. He never even answered her letters, and she was all alone among a lot of people she hated. She had not even a friend, except the poor fräulein there, and once she had gone down to the end of the Chain Pier of an evening, and thought she would drown herself.

"Poor child! I remember now how she turned her face to the window and burst out sobbing and crying when she said that, and how I went up to her and comforted her. I was so much the elder that she let me do so almost as if I were her brother himself. Yet, little as I had known or cared for women hitherto—wrapped up in my work and my ambition as I was—I knew that it was not quite as a brother that I felt to the pretty creature who let me stroke her soft drooping head unbuked; and when, a few days later, I said smilingly to her, 'You will never think of drowning yourself again, Blümchen, or say you have no nearer friend than Fräulein Bertha?' the sudden, shining look of tender gratitude she gave me might have told anyone how easily a man can fill a lonely young heart if he will, and that already her brother's cruelty had become a softened matter to her. Yet though I soon got to know and rejoice in both facts with perfect security, and to feel that even the few moments I could spend with that sweet, childlike nature were worth all the rest of my toiling, monotonous life, we never actually talked of love to one another, still less of marriage. For my part, the latter was so utterly out of the question, unless I were to marry some rich woman, that I never thought of it, or the future at all, as regarded 'Blümchen,' and trusted to her extreme youth and guilelessness to keep her from any fancy of the sort. She knew that I cared for her; I had told her that my life was as bare and lonely as hers until she came into it like a star to brighten it; but we called the caring

'friendship,' and rested happily in the enjoyment of it.

"An end was coming to all this, however. I had not seen the *fräulein* or *Blümchen* for more than a fortnight, and was getting as irritated and disappointed as my patient at the deprivation, when one day I received a letter from the principal of a rather fashionable school, which I had long wished to get upon my list, requesting my professional attendance on two or three of her pupils who were laid up with bad throats. It was a very civil letter, alluding complimentarily to my reputation in the treatment of those ailments, and I went accordingly; but it was a surprise to me to recognise in the governess conducting a German class in one of the lower rooms *Fräulein Bertha*! She, however, was on the watch for me, and managed, somewhat to my annoyance, to come behind me, and whisper as I was crossing the hall in the rear of the principal:

"'Herr Doctor, for Gott's sake do not be surprise, or say noting upstairs. If you do I shall be ruin and *Blümchen* too.'

"The principal turned her head at the moment, and *Fräulein Bertha* hurried on; but I had not long to wait for an explanation of her words, for in the second room I was taken into I found, seated cowering over a fire, and wrapped up in shawls, the girl who of late had become so much—too much to me.

"'Miss Amy Dysart,' said the principal blandly; 'a parlour-boarder who has managed to catch a bad cough during the late wet weather. This is our new doctor, Miss Dysart, and I hope you will pay more attention to his prescriptions than you have done to Dr. Snarl's.'

"I was too taken by surprise to utter a word; but I shook hands with Amy, and the look of delight which flashed into her sweet eyes, hollowed already by illness, might have betrayed our secret if the schoolmistress had been quick-sighted, even though at the same moment she put her finger on her lips to entreat silence from me.

"From that time all the pleasant freedom of our intercourse was at an end. *Blümchen*, my charming young concert-singer, the sweetheart and playfellow of my leisure hours, was one thing; but Amy Dysart, a girl of good family and pupil in a fashionable college, was quite another, and at first I was almost glad that she was sufficiently ill to make the change of feeling and position easier to me; for to a

medical man a patient, whatever she may be at other times, should only be a patient, nothing more; and I trust I understood the duties of my profession sufficiently to treat her simply and solely as such. It was a difficult task, however, and complicated by my anxiety about her, for she was worse than they supposed. Her lungs were already unmistakably diseased, and there was a tendency to rapid prostration in her, alarming in one so young; yet I defy my worst enemies to say that I ever, by word or look, betrayed one jot of the anxiety or tenderness I felt for her; nay, not even when her eyes would follow me about full of wistful reproach for my new gravity and reserve, nor when she asked me once in a trembling whisper:

"'Dr. Hamilton, are you angry with me? Why don't you talk to me, and what makes you so different?' We were alone for a moment, and she put out her hand to me as she spoke; but though I took it, I only pressed it gently and let it go.

"'No, child, I am not angry,' I said; 'but I am only a doctor now. When you are well I will talk to you; not till then or here.'

"From that moment I believe she made up her mind that, actually or seemingly, she would get well—well enough to go out again—as soon as possible.

"About this time, however, things were happening of sufficient importance to me to distract my mind from what I had begun to consider a perilously painful complication. Dr. Forceps Brown, of Surbiton, made his first overtures to me through his brother at Brighton; and of course I was greatly excited on the subject. It was the grandest thing that had yet happened to me in my professional career, the biggest and most tangible proof of the success I had already made so far as name was concerned, and an assured guarantee of ease and competence in the future; but almost all good things have their conditions, and Dr. Forceps Brown's offer was no exception to the rule. His main object was to pave the way to his own ultimate retirement, and he therefore asked three things of his intended partner: that he should be a married man, have a reputation already, and be in a position to pay a lump sum of money down on entering into the alliance.

"'And I am a bachelor unfortunately,' I said to the Brighton Dr. Brown.

"'But need not remain so unless you please, need you?' said the great man. 'What are these rumours about you and the handsome young heiress at Marston House? People say that the lady is willing, and the lover only holding back from scruples of pride or prudence. I should think this plan of my brother's would smooth matters for both, and that the money you must have made during your bachelorhood (I told him how you had flourished here) could not be better invested than in the way suggested. Shall I congratulate you?'

"I thanked him warmly, but disclaimed any right to congratulation, assuring him that the rumours were quite unfounded; my acquaintance with the lady in question being one of friendship only. The big man smiled incredulously.

"'You are either very prudent or very modest,' he said. 'However, I am doubtless premature. Suppose you think it over and consult your—friends! I can give you ten days, but no more. My brother is in a hurry; and, as you must know, you have rivals in the field.'

"I have not mentioned Miss Vane hitherto," said Dr. Hamilton, speaking for the first time with some hesitation and a downward glance at the silent figure seated in the low chair near him, "but I must do so now. She was a young lady of six or seven and twenty, wealthy, accomplished, and virtuous, living in her own house under the chaperonage of a maiden aunt; and almost more run after and courted than any other woman in Brighton. I had attended the aunt for some time back, and was received by both ladies as a friend into the bargain. I had the greatest esteem and liking for Miss Vane, and should have felt her friendship an honour had she been penniless. As things were, however, my own position would have made the thought of anything more a presumption; and I had, therefore, never entertained it, though I was aware that other people, jealous perhaps of my intimacy at the house, said—I mean, attributed——"

"Need you try to put it prettily? I thought you said all the truth should be told at last," said Mrs. Hamilton. She had managed to subdue her agitation, and spoke for the first time in a hard, grating tone, lifting her colourless face for a moment. "Let it be so with regard to me, at any rate. I was Miss Vane, Mr. Ashleigh. What the Brighton people said was that I was in love with Dr. Hamilton; and

he believed them. My aunt also said that he was in love with me, and I believed her. They were right, however, and she was wrong—how wrong he tells you now; but I do not blame her for misleading me, for she was foolish enough to love me very dearly herself. What followed you can guess. Before the ten days were out Dr. Hamilton asked me to be his wife, having first frankly owned to the money difficulties which hitherto had prevented him from marrying, and I accepted him. A woman can hardly feel happier than in making the man she loves happy and rich too at the same time; and I honoured my lover more for the manly pride which had held him back at the outset, and for the calm and reserve of his manner, from the contrast it afforded to the slavish devotion lavished on me by other men. I never guessed for one moment that he was in love with another woman. I trusted him utterly."

"And, believe it or not as you will," said the doctor, "when I found that you were willing to accept me, I had the fullest intention of meriting that trust. I thought myself stronger than I was; but I suppose no man knows his own weakness till it has been tried; and my trial came to me very soon—the next time I met Amy Dysart. It was at the old place, the young German's lodgings; and I don't think I ever was more surprised or startled than at the sight of her, whom I had last seen a week back in her sick room, waiting for me on the landing, lovelier than ever, though far more delicate-looking, and holding out both hands with a mischievous smile as she told me the *fräulein* was inside with her lover, and I might stay and talk to her, for now she was '*Blümchen*' again.

"Alas, not my *Blümchen*; and in the shock and agitation of discovering how dear she was to me, just as I had been making plans which would separate us for ever, I tried vainly to disguise my emotion by reproaching her for having ventured out in her state of health. She only laughed, however, and declared that she was well now, quite well. Her cough? Oh, that was nothing; she had coughed ever since she came to England, and her sister-in-law made game of it. I was not to come to see her at the school any more. She didn't like me as a doctor at all. She wanted to be '*Blümchen*,' nothing more; while, when I turned my reproaches on to her for having deceived me, she first pleaded that she had promised the *fräulein* not to tell

who she was, lest it should leak out that a young lady from Alexandra House had been brought to these squalid lodgings; and then, seeing I still looked grave, burst into tears, which it would have required a brute—not a man, and a man as much in love as he could be—to leave unsoothed.

“In a word, our interview was more like that between two lovers than it had ever been before; and when we parted it was with the conviction on my side that, unless I was prepared to fling name, fame, and fortune to the winds for the sake of Amy Dysart, it would be madness for us to meet again.

“Yet we did, twice, though not in the same place. Heaven knows how often the poor child went there in the interim in the hope of seeing me; for several weeks intervened, and during the course of them my practice had been disposed of, and my removal to Surbiton settled; though it was arranged that the marriage between me and Miss Vane should not take place for a couple of months, nor be publicly announced to our friends till I had taken up my residence in my new quarters: her own family and the Forceps Browns being of course excepted.

“In the meanwhile I had purposely dropped my German lessons and altered my hours for visiting the clarionet-player; therefore it was purely by chance that one day Amy and I happened to encounter each other in a narrow country road skirting the sea some little way out of Brighton. Our interview then was short and very painful. The weather was bitterly cold, and she was looking far more ill than I had yet seen her; while her manner was full of a new agitation and timidity, consequent, as I felt with remorse, on the self-betrays of the last meeting. Once she asked me tremulously if I had really been in earnest when I said that it might ruin me in my profession if it were known that I had been keeping up a clandestine correspondence with one of my younger patients, a girl of seventeen, and a pupil in one of the schools I attended. But when I told her that it was true, and then (being anxious to break a little my intended departure to her, of

which I found she was quite ignorant) hinted that even as things were, I might for her sake and my own, be obliged to leave Brighton, she turned so white that I thought she was going to faint, and like a coward I tried to retract the words by saying that such a step would be more wretched for me than for her, as I could never again live happily away from her.

“I daresay I looked wretched enough at that moment. A man launched without any deliberate will of his own on a career of double-dealing and concealment can hardly feel very cheerful, and between love and prudence I felt half distraught—prudence for her as well as for myself; love for myself as well as her. I was glad to put an end to it at last by a somewhat abrupt departure; but when I had gone a few yards I looked back, and there stood Amy motionless, her face hidden in her hands, weeping evidently as if her heart would break. The sight was too much for me, and next moment I was back at her side, kissing the pretty tear-stained face for the first time in my life, and begging her by every tender name I could think of not to cry, or she would break my heart, I loved her so dearly.

“Three nights later, when even the crossing-sweeper at the end of the street knew I was leaving Brighton, and just as I had begun the task of sorting my papers and pamphlets preparatory to packing them, there came a low hurried knock at the front-door. My servant-boy had gone to bed; so I went to answer it myself, and somewhat to my surprise a lady entered. The next moment I nearly staggered back, for as she lifted the thick veil she wore, I recognised the pale face of Amy Dysart!”

This day is published, No. 1 of

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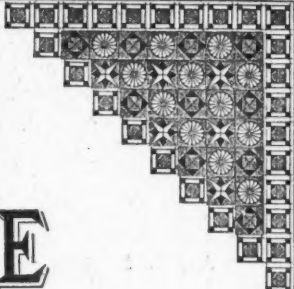
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	£	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
4,718	5,000	6,775	6	8	11,775	6	8	9,350	0	0
4,937	4,000	5,637	2	2	9,637	2	2	8,226	13	4
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CHARLES STEVENS, *Secretary.*



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## CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS.

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE, A

PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD AND SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

**I**NDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels; in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated

without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and

which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

**NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS** are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstances, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observation of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. By the word tonic is meant a medicine

which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effect in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick-rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid; we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by



their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the bur-

den thus imposed upon it, that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found—no, none which will perform the task with greater certainty, than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed, that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these **PILLS** should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted that, by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy **OLD AGE**.

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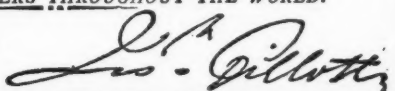
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